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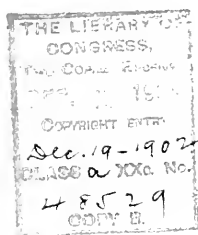


# VACATION IMPRESSIONS

C. ARTHUR  
LONGWELL

AUGUST, 1902

*"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."*



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New York

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## *Dedication*

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"Is he my friend who loves me? He may yet not understand me. Is he my friend who understands me? He may yet not love me. But who understands me because he loves me, who loves me because he understands me—he verily is my friend."

*To such friends as these who stayed at home, or found their  
recreation in other directions through the summer,  
this little book is dedicated.*

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“There I will choose some eyrie in the hills,  
Where I may build, like a lonely bird,  
And catch the whispered music heard  
Out of the noise of human ills.”





*August*      Vacation days are mine !    ::    ::  
*Sixteenth*    With much of the feeling the  
                  small school boy has when the last

lessons of summer have been said, but with mind too tired to direct and muscles less inclined to execute the frolics that usually follow his dismissal, I am comfortably esconced on the steamer, "North Star," of the Maine Steamship Line, with Portland as my first destination.

The usual scurrying around of passengers, as though this were to be the all-important event of their lives, and each must be first to have his wants supplied, marked the first hour of our departure. But now finding there is provision for all, our ship's company has settled down to the lull that follows a stormy departure.

How seriously we Americans take our pleasures. We rush to the theatres and down the aisles, casting off wraps on the way, as though it were the first and likely to be the last play we shall ever see. We hurry to trains and boats and with unseemly impetuosity dive into crowds at risk of life or limb, and to receive what ? Perhaps a seat that is cast aside ten minutes after we are on board.

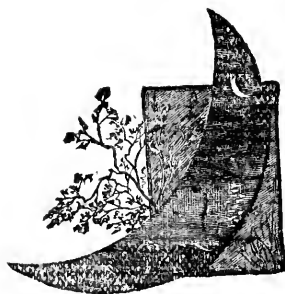
"Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;  
 My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

The man who trails along afterward usually gets a friendly nod from porters and pursers and the best accommodations as a "reward of merit" for his calm behavior and his trust in those who are expected to provide for his comfort—especially if a coin occasionally sees the light of day.

The new steel wonder in process of construction over East River has been passed. Hell Gate, with its treacherous rocks has been safely threaded and we are out on the undulating swell of Long Island Sound. The sun hangs low in the sky with every promise of giving us a picture at setting, the charm of which never seems to grow old.

Too far now on our way to be recalled and no communication with land until to-morrow afternoon, we settle down to freedom from business cares, the final click of the roll-top desk still sounding like music to the ear in the knowledge that it is not to be opened for two whole weeks.

The boat is well equipped and new, having been placed in commission last season. Her service is neatly attired and courteous. Our company seems made up of men and women gentle born, so to deck I hie me with a book—the never failing friend of man—to beguile away the hours.



Two thirty A. M., but ere I seek my berth to be rocked in the cradle of the deep, I must record two real luxuries—a glorious sun-set followed almost immediately by a moon so calm and restful as to put our entire company in sentimental groups over the decks.

At an early hour our elders disappeared one by one leaving the younger element to enjoy the moon in interesting groups of twos and fours.

Long after everyone had sought the seclusion that the cabin grants, I sat alone and drank in the beauties of night. The ship's lights out, except those prescribed by marine law, we have churned along with measured stroke and no sound save the cutting of the water and noise of engine and propellers. Now too, I say "good night" and go to sleep in anticipation of a pleasant to-morrow.

"The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity."

*Sunday  
Night*

The piercing light of the sun sifting through the shutters of the state-room window told of another day, and though drowsy with sleep from the night's vigils, it seemed wicked to idle away a sun-lit morning, so I arose to find our ship out of sight of land, on a gently undulating sea, a firm breeze—mainly from the ship's impetus—while the sun covered the broad expanse in bright flashes of light.

Every one seemed to be in good humor and as the ship's bell told off the hours and the heat of the day increased, the passengers grouped themselves on the broad upper deck in various attitudes representing a genuine abandon to the day's sail.

While in this semi-somnolent state, the sharp short blowing of the whistle brought every one to his feet and to the vessel's star-board side in time to see a huge whale, not over three hundred yards away, give us a glimpse of his monstrous brown back and then plunge to the depths of the sea, lashing the water into a foam with his tail as he descended. Our eyes then on the alert, were further rewarded by the spoutings of several of these denizens of the deep.





An hour later we were again summoned, this time to the port side, to see, not more than a hundred yards away, another of these monsters, who seemed to lift his body above the surface of the sea, then roll to one side, disclosing to our view a portion of his head and nearly the entire length of his huge body. Quickly realizing that he was gazing upon no friendly companion of the deep, he plunged below, flinging out his colossal tail and churning the water as he went.

At three in the afternoon we entered the beautiful harbor of Portland, with its rocks, its islands and light-houses standing out in picturesque relief, and after some delay in docking, our company was quickly disbanded, each to carry out some vacation plan, for every one seemed on pleasure bent.

Baggage having been checked through, I had only to saunter leisurely around to the Falmouth Hotel—a hostelry quite famous in the history of Maine, and having the name by which the town of Portland was once known. On registering, the genial clerk told me that a trolley-ride on the belt line would prove an innocent diversion for what remained of the Sabbath afternoon, in this

“Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale.”

puritanical and prohibition town, and in the evening, especially with the promise of a moon on the harbor, a boat trip to Peak's Island—there to hear a concert, would rob the hours of a heaviness that one feels while “waiting in transit.”

Both of these suggestions were carried out in timely precision, in ample enjoyment and with a later earnest of my appreciation of the clerk's prowess as a promoter of pastimes—in the shape of a “night-cap” taken with him behind closed doors, the laws of the city making us feel like murderers, who might be pounced down upon at any moment by a bailiff in ruff and high cocked hat.

*August*            Eight thirty A. M. and we are leav-  
*Eighteenth*      ing the quaint old city of Portland  
                          under conditions most inviting.

A glorious morning, cold with bracing air, the sky a perfect canopy of blue, except here and there a fleecy cloud shifting lazily in heaven's dome to convince us that it is really sky we are seeing, and not the vast dome of a cathedral. Under and over all the rich, warm sun filters its light and on every face about me there rests the smile of content for the hour and hopeful anticipation for the day.

We cross sundry railroad tracks—around the edge of the old town—raising an imaginary skirt over the usual mundane conditions that encompass every city, and almost without warning we are plunged into a panoramic glimpse of dense woodland, fields of growing things, and green pastures enclosed within stone fences that seem to run up small hills, only to disappear in some forest beyond.

Now the train rounds a curve in the well ballasted road and a miniature lake—a pond, lies before us like a Florentine mirror in its irregular lines and with its fringe of ferns and under-brush that

“ By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
      Melodious birds sing madrigals.”

come to the water's edge, with an occasional pine tree that springs from the green underneath and spreads its severe layer-like top branches against the sky in relief beyond.

Frequently I see reminders of the loving remembrance in which the memory and influence of Longfellow are held by these sturdy New Englanders who were fortunate enough to have this grand character as a towns-man. Yea, and more—as a kins-man. His old house in Portland is preserved with furniture intact, and is shown to tourists with marked manifestations of pride. At the intersection of two shaded streets, there stands a magnificent monument representing the poet in sitting posture holding in one hand a book and in the other a pencil.

Just now the train stops at a small village and a canopied-top wagon stands there to take travelers to "Standish Cottage"—the driver having presumably been dispatched as a John Alden by the timorous Miles who awaits at home the result of this interview, but with less sentiment perhaps than graced the anticipations of our soldier lover of the long ago. So has the commercial spirit invaded the land, and our sentiment is attacked as an easier entrance to our pocket books.



On we speed and the smaller garden-like beauty is giving way to the more rugged aspect of the landscape. The train is already, only an hour out, commencing to puff and blow with the labor of hill-climbing. Now occasionally we can look up and down as well as over the scene. Acres of tall pines stand like "Druids of Old" on hillside and hollow. One moment we fancy that only birds and animals are the inhabitants of these woods; that if you were to see a skin-clad Indian crawl out from some ledge of rock, fitting a flint-tipped arrow on the string of his bow, you would feel that his presence there was more natural than your own. The next, we dart across a well-traveled roadway indicating that there are people here, who live their lives, think their thoughts, and die their deaths in well-ordered harmony with nature—free from the bickerings, strife, and nervous excitement that wither the minds and bodies of the city multitude and send them "to that bourne" before their time.

Small brooks steal out from leafy under-brush and dance away under the track, the glint of sunlight flashing up crystals as the water leaps over the rocks.

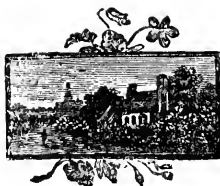
"A sudden little river crossed my path  
As unexpected as a serpent comes."

And now we have a more pretentious stream, in which I strongly suspect live the fleet-finned little fellows that have given Isaac Walton so many followers.

This stream winds around a hill then widens into a small lake—a lake just large enough for two—and the allotment has evidently been made, for on the water's edge stands a bungalow while from a hammock a trailing bunch of white is indicative of the presence of woman.

This garden of Eden is not Adamless as he is waving his welcome from a canoe that floats idly near the shore. As the water here catches the reflection from the sky and is deepened in its coloring by the green foliage of the adjacent hills, it reminds me of a huge sapphire, unusually brilliant under the sharp rays of the sun.

An opening in the woods discloses a typical New England farm house with the tall flat chimney outlined against the end of the house—bespeaking the roaring winter's fire around which are seated the half circle of trusted faces—young and old, living in quiet content, and working out their dependency until the final summons that equalizes us



all, comes to take them hence. Whittier must have been writing of such a house and its people in saying:

“Where’er the wide old kitchen hearth,  
Sends up its smoky curl—  
Who will not thank this kindly earth,  
And bless the farmer girl?”

Glorious moment this ; “Unto the everlasting hills do I lift mine eyes.”

The train has successfully climbed its way on a shelving side of highland and with an abrupt turn in the road are disclosed to view three goodly-sized mountains arranged in a semi-circle. Half way up the valley between two of them there comes seemingly from out of the sky, a torrent of water that breaks and leaps over rocks in feathery foam and glides away in a laughing turbulent stream from the base of the hills.

Only a glance—too brief—but it has caused exclamations from my fellow passengers and has whetted our optical appetites for what we may expect to follow. Chairs are being whisked about the observation car into advantageous positions and we are settling ourselves for a kaleidoscopic glimpse of the “promised land.”

“To hold, as ’twere, the mirror up to nature.”

New beauties are now being disclosed to our view. All the glories we have feasted upon in the shape of trees, streams and under growth now find a substantial background in frowning hills covered solidly with vegetation. The train winds in and out as though picking its way around these seemingly insurmountable barriers while graceful turns in the road give us occasional peeps at our Mogul engine, climbing with measured stroke an elevation of 106 feet to the mile.

We reach a "breathing spot" and find here the marked encroachment of modern civilization in the form of a summer colony comfortably housed in white, standing out prominently against the green of the hills and the blue of the sky.

Now our stops are frequent and we see expectant faces on platforms waiting the arrival of new recruits, or the letters so anxiously wished for from those left behind. Larger and more imposing grow the mountains, until all trace of woodland beauty is temporarily lost in the rugged grandeur of the vast piles, whose sides, covered with dense forests, look in the distance like a green network of garden shrubbery.





On we have gone and higher we have climbed until now we are approaching the only apparent entrance through this range of mountains that nature provided for railroads and modern civilization.

A colossal tooth has bitten a piece out of the mountain and encroaching man has usurped the cavity and called it Crawford Notch, while the Maine Central finds it the means of railroad connection between Boston and Portland of the States and Montreal and Quebec of the Dominion.

The railroad skirts the mountain range on one side of a deep gorge, the road bed being built on a shelving rock, blasted and leveled on the mountain side, with here and there a span of trestle-work that apparently suspends us between heaven and earth.

Across the valley tower the mountains that are the commencement—the foot hills so to speak—of the famous Presidential Range.

Now everything is tense with the excitement of the moment. Our train winds around curves while an occasional whistle or slowing up marks the importance of our undertaking. Ahead of our own gigantic steed there runs a funny little engine—all

“But on and up where nature's heart,  
Beats strong among the hills.”

alone, to pilot the way and inform us if any new dangers in the shape of a falling rock or loosening earth have set a trap since the last trip. On it runs, disappearing for a moment around a ledge of rock, then a halt and whistle, to signal us that the way is clear, as though saying. "Come on ! All's well ! 'Tis I who will guide you in safety through the mountain pass and into the land beyond where God reigns and man wonders."



*August*  
*Nineteenth*

How can I draw an adequate word picture of the location of "The Mt. Washington" that has proffered to me its hospitality for one week?

Imagine a colossal circular theatre, whose parquette floor is six miles across (and does not seem three as distances are deceptive here), carpeted in glossy green grass, through which winds in and out the Ammonoosuc River. Whose amphitheatre seats are towering tree-covered mountains making a complete enclosure. Whose roof is the vast dome of heaven. Whose decorations thereon are the ever changing clouds, painted by the hand of Omnipotence, and you have some faint idea of its proportions.

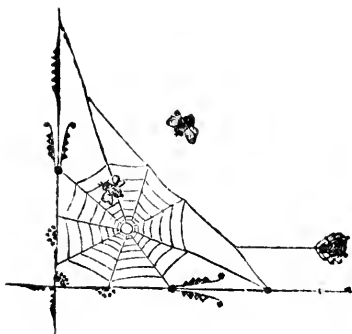
Then imagine for a stage, a plateau set up from the valley against one of these mountains, and you have the location of the Mt. Washington Hotel, newly opened, and the wonder of the world as a summer hotel. It is not likely that it has an equal anywhere in point of magnificence.

When one views the scope of its conception, involving an expenditure of three millions, all for the luxurious comfort of a possible four months of summer hegira, it would seem as though philanthropy and love for mankind, rather than visions

of dividends, prompted the builder to such enormous expenditure. Let those who know him judge which impulse prompted the man, who is Jos. Stickney of New York, a coal magnate reputed to be worth thirty-five millions.

I shall not, however, vex me with speculations on the "whys and wherefores" of hostelry making. I am here for one week of solid comfort and solitary enjoyment, the spectator of other's pleasures in and about the hotel, while mine shall be found in the fastnesses of the woods "whereof man knoweth not."

Shut away from the world, in lieu of newspapers, I shall attempt to read the messages which nature vouchsafes to mankind in the trees, flowers, the hills and rocks, the mosses and ferns and mountain streams. I shall hope to catch the note of gladness from the throat of the forest birds and transfer it to my own soul; to see the sturdy growths of stately pines, and grow with them; to look upon the everlasting hills and receive strength therefrom. Thus to emerge with kindlier feeling for my neighbor, with less of the vindictive and more of the gentle in my nature, with a resolution to do my duty in whatever path it lies and with greater faith in God Almighty.



*A Picture at  
Sunset*

The sun has gone behind the mountains and with characteristic suddenness a chill creeps through the air. High over the valleys, higher even than some of the clouds, there has been soaring a huge solitary bird whose occasional balancing of wings has caught and reflected the sun's rays from its glossy plumage.

Now it circles about several times as though saying an adieu to the earth below, and directs its course toward yonder mountain peak whose frowning crest catches the reflection from the sunset clouds, while its slopes are already in the grey shadows of evening.

At such an hour the heart too takes flight for home—if any home it have.

HOME! what a matchless thrall hovers over that word. But let me not dwell on this, except to say that there is probably no other word in the languages of all nations over which have been shed so many bitter tears.

At this elevation the world lives while the sun shines. The chill of night drives people to the welcome warmth and cheerful blaze of the birch logs that snap and crackle on the hearths of the huge open fire places.



Though a glorious moon and myriads of stars  
have done their best to allure us into the night,  
the charm seems only momentary, as back to our  
fires we go. Thus am I reminded of the words  
which have had numerous settings in song.

“ The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one,  
Yet the light of the whole world dies  
With the setting sun.”

And though irrelevant to the word picture, I  
cannot resist the temptation to repeat the companion  
verse for the sake of its exquisite thought and subtle  
expression.

“ The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one,  
Yet the light of a whole life dies,  
When love is done.”

“ Only let me sit  
The grey remainder of the evening out,  
Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly.  
How I could paint were I ”—

*To A*           Mysterious, immutable, awful !  
*Mountain*      Thou standest in all the grandeur  
                     and glory that made thee as thou

art when He spake, and thou reared thy crest toward  
 the skies to be, through countless ages, a silent,  
 awe-inspiring specimen of His handwork.

What carest thou for the sorrow and tears, the  
 joy and laughter, the strife and vexations that fill  
 the world which is thy footstool ?

Thou mayest see all that passeth beneath thee,  
 but thou makest no sign.

Or, is thy mantle of snow which melts and feeds  
 the streams of our valleys, after all, tears on thy  
 cheek, cold, until touched by the sun—which is Him  
 —causing them to flow freely to the earth below that  
 we may drink and live—and know ?

Thou art ever in touch and sympathy with the  
 Divine Plan. Thy brow reflects the first beam of  
 the morning sun and thou'rt the last to bid it good-  
 night, ere it fades to mark the passing of another  
 day.

Now comes the moon, cold and pale, and verily,  
 thou art mysterious, forbidding, terrible—and yet  
 most wonderful as the secrets of the night are  
 exchanged.



What tales do the clouds whisper to thee as they drift past thine ear, rising on the wings of the wind from the world below ?

And dost thou welcome the coming of thy news-bearer ? Alas ! we are given no chance to see as thou hidest thy face in the bosom of thy messenger while thou hearest the story.

The lightnings from heaven play round thy brow, yet thou heedest them not more than we the flash of a fire-fly in the dusk of evening.

So old art thou that mighty forests have covered thy sides which thou carest not for except that the winds use them as harp-strings to make night music for thee in thy silent musing over dark and terrible secrets.

Man has thought to penetrate thy knowledge, to look more closely upon thy face, to read what thou knowest, and so has builded steps up thy mighty frame, but only to meet defeat.

Thy lips are tightly set, thine eyes betoken no friendly sign, thy brow is cold and damp as the hand of death. He shudders as he turns from thee to retrace his steps.

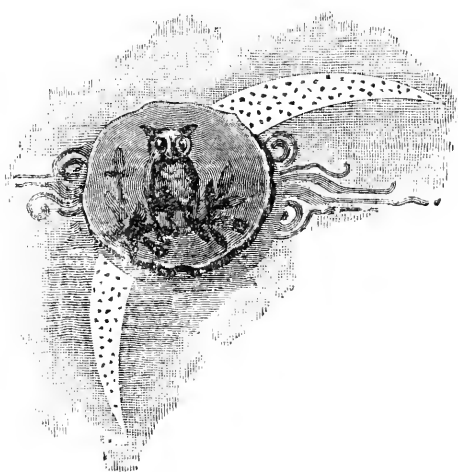
We may wish, but we may not hope to know

“ Tongue nor heart  
cannot conceive nor name thee.”



thy secrets. We may gaze on thee in worshipful silence, but we cannot penetrate thy fastness.

Truly thou art the everlasting, never-changing work of Omnipotence, who hath sealed within thy lips secrets which thou mayhap will tell to us in His well-appointed time. It is only given us now to look and wonder—and worship.



*Her Letter*

“ The faint sweet fragrance of a cigarette,  
The cold grey ashes, not yet cast away—  
And this is all he left behind to show  
That he was with us only yesterday.

Ah no ! not all—for he has left beside,  
The echo of sweet melody and song—  
The thought—he is our very friend indeed,  
The mem’ry of a hand-clasp warm and strong.”



*The Answer*

From the ashes of that cigarette,  
Let Phoenix-like, rise thought,  
To mold and build and, better yet—  
To crown a friendship richly fraught.

Ourselves the pillars of an arch,  
Our minds to give it grace,  
Our hearts to cement as we march  
To lay the building stones in place.

Until at last the top we crown  
With faith, the cap-stone sure,  
Then take the builder's structure down,  
And find our friendship-arch secure.

My first impression of this grand  
*Mt. Washington* old pile was one of disappointment,  
as I had expected to find a detached  
mass of earth and rock, rising in a more or less  
irregular geological formation until its crest dis-  
appeared in the blue vault of heaven's dome. So it  
was well for me to pass some days gazing on it  
from over these valleys, learning it aright before  
deciding on a day to make the ascent.

During this time it has been newly-impressed  
on my mind through the means of seeing and has  
really grown in point of magnitude while I have  
looked and wondered.

For five days I have beheld the sunsets, the  
sun-rises and their beautiful tintings. I have seen  
it enveloped in clouds of every description, and I  
have seen it when the crest stood boldly out against  
the sky with the flash of sun-light thereon, disclosing  
to the eye, the grey-painted buildings on its sum-  
mit. The rains and low-drifting clouds of the past  
two days did not promise well for a sunrise which  
is considered the glory of this mountain, but as the  
valleys below had settled to a normal condition  
and my days here were few, I decided to make the  
trip, remaining over night.



At 4:30 our train started, skirting the base of these ranges, affording us some exquisite glimpses of woods and streams and water leaping over rocks as it came down the mountain slopes.

Soon we were landed at the base of Mt. Washington and without delay our climb began up the cogwheel railroad that is an engineering marvel. Seated on the front platform of the observation car, our feet swinging therefrom, we were soon made to feel the change in atmosphere as the chill penetrated to our ankles through summer hosiery, and we found it more pleasant to sit Japanese fashion, tucking our feet under overcoats.

I say "we" here, not editorially, but advisedly, for on starting, I fell into conversation with a gentleman who looked as lonely as I felt, and he proved an agreeable companion on this trip. Being a young civil engineer from New York, he contributed much to the interest of the trip.

When two thirds of the way up our worst fears were confirmed and we were shut off from any view up or down or over, by dense clouds and the balance of the trip was made amid grumblings from the passengers, we having found it decidedly more

comfortable to go inside the car. On reaching the summit we were chilled through and both of us having declared that, were our physicians here, something warm taken internally would be prescribed, we presupposed this advice and sought "the place."

Where will modern civilization not encroach? On top of this barren mountain we found a comfortable hotel, "The Summit House" whose good food, roaring fires and warm beds made us forget the winter's chill of this August night.

After a pleasant evening with Mr. Burt, editor of "Among the Clouds," a breezy paper printed up there, we said good night and sought our rooms rather depressed in spirits over the poor prospect of a sun on the morrow. We were told that in the event of a sunrise, a bell would be rung through the corridors, so with a hope that would not crush, I went to sleep to await the bell with its ominous portent.

At 4:30 I awakened and looked from my window, only to see the densest heaviest wet clouds being driven rapidly past by a furious wind. Now my hopes sank lower than the mercury, which I learned



later was 35 degrees, for was it not already the hour for the sun to appear ?

Almost while I was thinking, there came a rift in the clouds disclosing blue sky above and heavy, lazy clouds in the valleys below. Then came another rush of clouds, but I was hopeful and so hurried to the bed to envelop myself in blankets, at the same time knocking on the wall to warn my friend in the next room.

We reached our windows simultaneously and popped our heads out, resembling two Esquimaux, but timely to see the clouds roll away revealing miles on miles of mountain tops, while there hung in the valleys oceans of billowy, soapy clouds, white, with enough smoke hue to give them outline, and far away, beyond everything, there was the horizon, the limit of vision, up from which darted several rays of light—messengers to announce the King of Day.

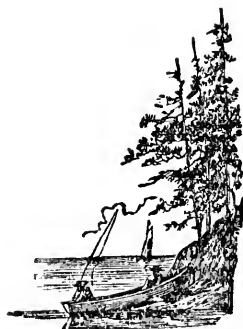
Just then the bell rang its message of good luck and every where there was immediate excitement. A moment more of tense anxiety lest another sweep of clouds would rob us of our view at this supreme time—then as though literally pushed

up from "somewhere" by a giant scene-shifter, there appeared a goodly edge of red. Motionless it seemed to remain for a moment when another apparent thrust disclosed a huge blood-red disk, its lower edge touching the horizon-line, pulseless, as though awaiting the breath of life.

Suddenly stray flashes of light stole out to meet the eye, a gleam here and there over the mountain tops and finally a burst of glorious light, bathing the whole landscape in wonderful coloring, and the supreme moment was passed—we had witnessed the birth of a Day.

But long I sat at my window drinking in the wonders of this glorious panorama of mountain-ranges, valleys, lakes and rivers. All the world below me. Words cannot describe the feeling of awe at being above it all, above the clouds even, with nothing between me and heaven.

Shall I here confess a momentary weakness? 'Twas a desire to stretch forth my arms and call the name—Mother. It seemed such a little way—as though she might have just reached down and clasped her hand in mine. And then I remembered—





“ We may not sunder the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the ‘Gates of Day,’  
And yet I know on that unseen shore,  
She watches and beckons and waits—alway.”

The descent was begun at eight, after breakfast and an hour for the feast of vision. All the beauties we had missed the night before were ours now in ample measure. In an hour and fifteen minutes we were at the base where summer still held sway and it being a morning of glorious sunshine in the valleys, I said good-bye to my companion of the trip, emerged from my top coat and gloves, and made my way back to the hotel on foot over a five mile trail of as beautiful woodland scenery as heart could wish for, reaching home in time for luncheon, for which I was quite ready.



“ Shame ! that a man with hand and brain  
Should, like a love-lorn girl complain,  
Rhyming his dainty woes anew,  
When there is honest work to do !”



*Bubbles*

LIFE is a bubble the world cannot stay,  
Though great seems earth's undertaking.  
It sparkles, allures, and then melts away,  
And we sleep till the great awaking.

LOVE is a bubble that lives for a day,  
And we sigh in the pain of our bliss,  
Till, lo ! it has burst—the devil we pay  
With a heart-break oft-times for a kiss.

JOY is a bubble, it never can last,  
To-day's sun has its cloud on the morrow.  
We grasp at our pleasures to find they are past,  
And the cup from our feast fills with sorrow.

And SORROWS are bubbles, the world and its troubles  
Will vanish—'tis Nature's provision.  
Should we stop to consider, our heart-ache but doubles,  
So we choke down our tears in derision.

Not till life is for loving, by love shall we live,  
And our joys that are chastened by sorrow,  
Will seem all the sweeter, as through them 'twill give  
Fresh hope and new strength for to-morrow.

Not till sorrows have come and joys seem done,  
Do we know the true worth of a day.  
Not till living and loving are merged into one—  
Shall the PERFECT LOVE live away.

“The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And these are of them.”

*August* Lake George the exquisite—set  
*Twenty-seventh* like a gem in the foothills of the

Adirondacks, its crystals sparkling in the morning sun—the sky a perfect canopy of blue overhead, with fleecy clouds hanging beyond the hill tops, whose sides “in verdure clad” slope to the water’s edge. Sail-boats floating like sea-gulls before a stiff breeze, while occasionally there darts across the lake an electric launch filled with merry-makers. Idlers lounging about in easy garden chairs, while there filters through the air (the melodies broken by a continual chopping of waves on the shore), the overture to William Tell, from an orchestra located across the green.

Such is the picture presented to me as I gaze from the spacious grounds of the New Fort William Henry Hotel.

On arrival at Burlington, Vt., at 5:20 Monday evening, a swarthy-visaged man announced in a voice that did not evidence pulmonary trouble, that a free ’bus was waiting to convey passengers to the boat bound for Bluff Point, the site of the famous hostelry, Hotel Champlain. So pleasing was it to have something free offered tourists, there



seemed a unanimous desire on the part of every one within the sound of his voice to pile headlong into his conveyance whether bound Champlain-ward or not.

With those of us whose destination was thither, his unusual courtesy found ready acceptance and we were whisked to a boat in waiting and soon were paddling our way across the lake to Port Kent, the landing point for the exploration of nature's wonder—Au Sable Chasm. While crossing the lake another day's sun bade us farewell, hanging for a last moment in a cloud-streaked horizon, then disappearing, a huge ball of fire behind the hills, reflecting its prismatic colorings on the water and the slopes of the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Our next stop was at Bluff Point, a projection into the lake, heavy with trees and shrubbery, through which winds a road that leads to the top where stands the superb Hotel Champlain, requiring two frontages, for one side commands a view of the lake and the Green mountains, while on the other the Adirondacks stand out boldly against the sky.

“The heaven's breath smells wooingly here.”

Dinner over, and a chat the while with a gentleman whose travels were so extensive as to make me feel that as a traveler I had really not yet been born, I wandered toward the piazza to find a drenching down-pour of rain. A survey of the hotel followed and a further visit with my globe-trotter, some music, then to bed with a call for 5:30 providing the morning was clear.

A lapse of hours in refreshing sleep, until an ominous knocking on my door told me the day promised well and I arose to find, on raising the shades, a good morning from "Mr. Sun." Then at such an hour to feel that in the interests of self preservation one must eat. But such is the penalty a tourist must pay, and that formality having been quickly dispatched, time was given for a morning stroll down to the dock.

Timely, at seven, came the steamer "Vermont" and we were away for a day's sail with a cold, uncomfortably cold, wind blowing into our faces, and an occasional splash of rain from some tardy edge of cloud that had not climbed over the mountain-tops, ere the sun came to take command of the day.

Lake Champlain is beautiful but is too wide to

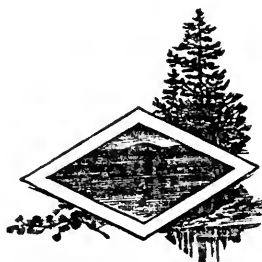
"This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes."

give an intimate acquaintance with its shores, and the foot-hills of the mountains on both sides seemed hung in a grey mist, that detracted somewhat, robbing the peaks of the sharp contour against the sky that pictures so pleasurably to the eye.

Numerous landings were made with a neatness and dispatch that proved a pleasant contrast to our clumsy docking of sea-going vessels where tide is to contend with.

Thus the hours sped on, and our mincing appetites at breakfast were punished in a ravenous hunger for dinner, every one scurrying at the familiar sound of the gong. On coming to deck again we found the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga before our eyes and shortly after we were landed and transferred by train over a four mile neck of land to the steamer "Sagamore" on Lake George.

We had only to start to have disclosed to view the exquisite scenery of this beautiful "Geneva of America." Coming from the rugged grandeur of the New Hampshire mountains, this passing panorama seemed so finely conceived and exquisitely wrought out that its beauty did not lose in the comparison. Each conception of the Omnipotent



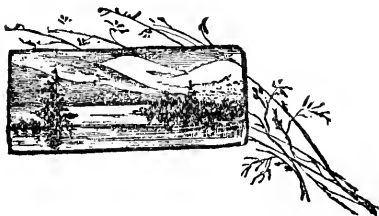
is so radically different that we may gaze on one without detriment to the recollections of the other.

An irregular stretch of thirty odd miles—narrow so that the beauty of both shores is always to be had, hills and sky beyond and above, with densely covered slopes in so many shades of green that one is led to wonder when green is really green.

Numerous small islands throughout the course, heavily wooded and owned by the State, but in many instances leased to cottagers who have built bungalows thereon and assisted nature in landscape adornment.

Everywhere, seemingly, along the shores, are summer cottages nestling cozily among the trees, and the many landings of boats and the familiar salutations from shore to passengers, give the impression that all this shore-line represents one vast summer family.

As we progressed in miles and hours, the wind slackened and the sun's rays increased, so that, our journey ended at 4:30 P. M., found *one* passenger lobster-hued and tired out. A hot bath and something one gets when he turns the dial of the





register past "ice water" and rings, restored him to normal and a refreshing night of sleep, with weather conditions most charmingly cool for August, puts him at peace with his neighbor and in anticipatory mood for the remaining days of respite from the sordid world as we are forced to know it for fifty long weeks of the year.



"For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."

*Lines to  
An American Girl  
on her initial trip abroad.*

L. C. C.

L. C. C.

Sing ho ! for the land of Parisian dreams,  
 Then to soft summer skies you'll be turning.  
 And then gay Monte Carlo, whose gambling it seems,  
 We Yankee-born e'er would be learning.

From Venetian skies to a king on his throne,  
 Is a far cry, a tax on geography,  
 But our American girls—God bless 'em—now own  
 Half their kingdom, have e'en changed its orthography.

But let their good king possess his one-half,  
 Let France make its bed with her own.  
 Let Venice dream on; give the gamblers a laugh!  
 Turn your face toward the West and come home.

Come back to the Land of the Brave and the Free!  
 And when your heart sighs for its mating,  
 Remember the Eagle keeps watch over thee,  
 And the strong arm of Freedom is waiting.



*August* My day's diversion has been a sail  
*Twenty-ninth* on the small lake-steamer "Mohican" to Green Island, the site of the beautiful Sagamore Hotel. Yet is it so beautiful or must we give most credit to nature in supplying such an ideal location? Certainly the combination is remarkably attractive.

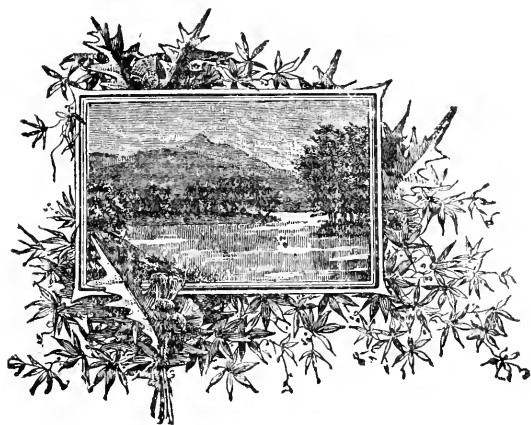
The Island is well named, sloping from the water's edge at a graceful elevation and at the center stands the Sagamore, built in low shambling lines on the plan of the Swiss villas, low porches, dove-cote windows and queer projections every where but quite in keeping with nature's plan of the island.

Tall stately trees, trimmed high so as to give delightful views of the lake, supply a generous shade and the grass is so green and so short cropped, one can scarcely resist the abandon to childish capers and roll over and over down the hill. But since only yesterday I planted another milestone on my life's pilgrimage, I am too dignified to-day to think of childish things and so just lounge on the grass to dream and think, and write these impressions.



All nature seems to be in such perfect harmony here with her vistas of water and islands and mountains, of green grass and gently swaying foliage in the tree tops, the ground so warm, and from the grass a sweet fragrance of growing green, then filtering over and through all the glorious sunlight, I cannot think that June alone can lay claim to Lowell's beautiful lines.

"And what is so rare as a day in June ?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days,  
Then the sun tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays."



"Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles."

*Saratoga*      *Presto ! con moto ; tempo vivace ! !*  
*August*        From the quiet of the hills, from  
*Thirtieth*      the fragrance of pines, from the  
                      lazy rocking of boats on the placid

bosom of the lake, from the *adagio* theme that has sung through the recent days of my travels—the scene suddenly changes to one of gaiety, to mammoth hotels filled with fashionably dressed men and women, to streets broad and long—a moving panorama of splendid equipages drawn by proud and prancing horses, with here and there an automobile threading through the crowd—as my vacation *sonata* announces its *finale* in *presto* time.

Such is Saratoga and I am to Sunday at the Grand Union.

What need to record a word about this Monte Carlo of America ? Nothing new offers here to bid us open our eyes in wonder and delight.

In truth it seems much like a section of New York's well-known parade ground brought to this part of the world where our jaded birds of fine feather may seek *Nepenthe* in the springs without loosening hold on the taut strings of society.

Here, as in all fashionable places, milady rubs

“ The song we hear with our ears is only  
      the song that is sung in our hearts.”

elbow with "Miss Peroxide" and each covets the other's gown, if not her code of ethics.

Money that makes class distinctions possible at home seems to serve here as the great leveler, as each man is as good as his neighbor, so long as the light of his purse holds out to burn.

The racing-season is ended, the most profitable in its history, I am told, but society lingers yet a little while to lend itself to the Floral Fete that opens with a sumptuous ball and banquet on Monday evening.

Victor Herbert, whose music is as voluptuous as he is corpulent, waves the baton over his company of players on the hotel piazza and we are carried, through the senses, to memories of symphony concerts, song recitals, summer evenings on roof-gardens, or quiet after-theatre suppers, for his programs are as cosmopolitan as his hearers.

My most exciting pastime will be a drive on the morrow, as the weather promises well, even though the mercury is creeping up to a point where comfort is not to be found where'er man chooses to wander, as has been my previous good fortune on this trip. Now for dinner and a later hour with music!



*Labor Day*      My fortnight of rest and recreation  
 6.30 p. m.      is ticking away its last hours.

Passage is purchased for New York, hand-luggage deposited in stateroom No. 358 of the beautiful steamer "Adirondack," while, shaven and shorn, I await at Albany's boasted hostelry—The Ten Eyck—the arrival of my good friend and chum, Fred H, who has promised to end his holiday here and accompany me down the Hudson.

Dinner has been ordered to have no loss of time as he arrives at seven and our boat is scheduled to depart at eight.

In the twilight of the day and of my vacation, in the space between scenes past and comradeship to come, I sit here in a half hour of retrospect and write these final lines, for to-morrow will bring its resumption of duties and the spell will be broken.

I close my eyes for a moment in reverie and seem to see a drifting composite picture of ocean and shore, of mountains and valleys and streams, of foothills and placid lakes, of rocks and pines and ferns, of moonlight and glorious sunlight—for have not weather conditions been nigh to perfect—only

<sup>1</sup> There is nothing so good as the sun and the wind for driving the foolishness out of one."



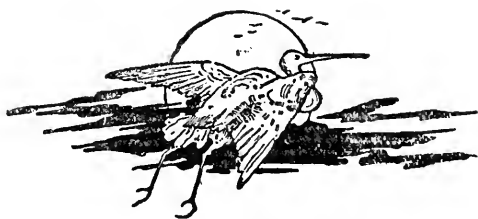
two days of rain—and I seem to realize all the more how thorough has been my comfort, benefit and enjoyment, now that I am about to turn away from it all.

But I have *lived* these days and I carry home with me, I hope, sufficient of the glories of nature to give strength and courage for the year's duties. And so with a last lingering word of gratitude to a Divine Providence and appreciation for the *tout ensemble* of a splendid outing, I write these lines and say with Tosti—

Good bye to summer !

Good bye,

Good bye—















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